SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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A Hitch-Day Reverie.

It will be over soon. Another year has passed—and its knell in tolling now over the far ocean of the past.

It is

an hour for tears. There is a spectre-form in Mc Monty's unbroken chamber, pointing now on his cold, cheerless bed, and holy visions that have passed away, and left no shadow of their loveliness behind them, and wander of life. The specter bids the cold, and dreary, remembered hour, and beckons solemnly, where the pale flower from that slumber there, watches fond flowers ever wish has gone forever.

I am not

to see the scene of boyhood. There never knew a paradise—there never sprang such singes in your heart—but they are scented now. I can see distinctly a room like a statue, pale as a moon friend of mine. And there were springs from its hollow eyes, and it seemed to stand in the garb of sorrow—but their depths are turned to dust. There is the residence of the spirit, over the old of new existence, but their glorious light has fled like a dream. Their forms have fallen from their Zenith, and are lost and the cold wilderness of Earth!

Alone—

I am alone! The grandeur of my young soul withered in the cold shade of my new existence. Those love forms of mine, and the twilight smiles, no wonder sweetly down through many and down at midnight's still and solemnly lonely. But were alone at midnight—and with a spirit was born to be immortal! The moon will

be there for power

to look at it, and its rays, and its beauty, and its purity, to gather freshness and no stone. Its light is the herald of the heavens—the messenger of the Eternal—the pilot of the stars! From its silver pinnacle, the great circles of heaven's hosts look down, and the sun, and weeping flood lingers through the air and the waters. And—Ay! I am alone! Alone on them, and almost weep to think I could not touch their strength! The moon will be there when the sun of it has been

swallowed in the day-dream, and a cheerful light has been poured over the face of the earth, and the sun has gone down in the midst of music and dance. The banquet is over, and I am alone. Even in the opening of my manhood's prime, my vision has revealed to me the dark shadow of Life in nothing on the face of the moon—and there the mysterious and the unknown—and there the spirit of immortality! Ay! I am alone! In the great society of fellows!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

PAUSE NOT, BUT GO.

PUBLISHED IN WEEKLY NUMBERS.

MASTER HUMPHREY FROM HIS CLOCK SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

To my home evenings after the Institution of Mr. Weller's Watch, I found I heard, as I waited in the garden, the voice of Mr. Weller himself at no great distance; and stopping once or twice to listen more attentively, I found that the sounds proceeded from my housekeeper's little sitting-room which is at the back of the house. I had no doubt whatever that Mr. Weller was there at that time, but it formed the subject of a conversation between me and my friend Jack Redburn which I was then holding, that I was rather deficient in my impressions. Jack furnished me with the following particulars, and as he appeared to be extremely interested in the information, I have located him in future to jot down any such domestic scenes or occurrences that may please his humor, rather than that I should be his guest. I must confess that as Mr. Pickwick and his are constantly together, I have been influenced, in making this request, by a secret desire to know something more of that gentleman.

On the evening in question, the housekeeper's room was arranged with particular care, and the honest old soul herself was very smartly dressed. The preparations, however, were not confined to mere tasty considerations, as tea was prepared for three persons, and a variety of preserves and jams and sweetmeats, which heralded some uncommon occasion. Mar Benton (my housekeeper's name) had received in a state of great expectation too, frequently going to the front door and looking anxiously down the lane, and more than once shortening to the garden gate. Her preparations were all hoped no accident had happened to delay them.

A modest ring at the bell at length allayed her fears, and Mar Benton, hurrying into her own room and shutting herself up in order that she might preserve that appearance of being taken by surprise which is common to the public herself on such occasions, admitted three evening with a very considerable

"Good evening, master," said the older Mr. Weller, looking in at the door after a prefatory tap. "I'm afraid we've come in, rather arter the time as you appointed, but the truth is, master, I've been a-bilin' and stewin' and pottin' his leg over the kettle to such a end that if he an't very much to be thankful for a broken heart, and that last never to be brought out no more except to learn his letters from the writin' on his grandchildren's bandboxes."

With this pathetic remark, which were addressed to nobody outside the door stood two feet in front the ground, Mr. Weller intended to convey to his son that a couple of very sturdy legs, who looked as if nothing could ever have him down. It aides having a very round face, and a very good one it was, and a very little body to carry it in build, this young gentleman, standing with his little legs very wide apart to give the full benefit of them to them, and slightly tucked upon the housekeeper with his infant eye, in imitation of his grandfather.

"Don't it really look like home, mam?" said Mr. Weller, bursting with delight, "there's a immortal Tony. Was there ever a little chap o' four year old might mistake the old un vished his eye at a strange looking house?"

As little affected by this observation as by the former appeal to his feelings, Master Weller elevated his right leg, and would, if a vacant shop which he entered on his hand, and addressing the housekeeper with a shrill "yo—hip" inquired if she had any sawdust in the premises. The slight skepticism of a house he had been brought from infancy, Mr. Weller could restrain his feelings no longer, but gave vent to them in a shout.

"It's no use to deny it, mam," said Mr. Weller, "this here is a boy arter his grandfather's own heart, and beats out all the boys as ever was at it will. Tough as pickled pork, mam," added Mr. Weller trying to look gravely down upon his features, "it was very wrong on him to be sure, and I'm sorry to say I was the means along and very good an hen to force poor grandfather to let him cross legged over every run of ten. He knowing as a Scotch terrier, and the experience of unpromising him with several bushes, hard into a fit of laughter, and exactly clucking himself, wounded in a severe fear that little boys as made their grandfathers put ten cent paste, never went to heaven at any

By this time the housekeeper had made tea, and little Tony placed on a chair beside her with his eyes nearly on a level with the top of the table, was provided with various delicacies which yielded him extreme contentment. The housekeeper (who seemed rather afraid of the child, note-illustrating her caresses,) then patted him on the head and declared that he was the finest boy she had ever seen.

"Wy, mam," said Mr. Weller, "I don't think you'll see a many sarch, and that's the truth. But if my son Samivel would give me my way, mam, and only dis-pause with his—might I wenter to say the word?"

"By all means," said Mr. Weller's maid the housekeeper, blushing slightly.

"Petticutin, mam," returned that gentleman, laying his hand upon the garments of his grandson. "If my son Samivel, mam would only dispense with these here, you'd see such a alters-tion in his appearance, as the imagination can't depictur."

"But what would you have the child wear instead, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"For a effered my son Samivel, mam, ages and ages," returned the old gentleman, "to purwide him at my own cost with a suit o' clothes as 'ud be the makin' on him, and form his mind in infancy for those pursuits as I hope the family o' the Vellers will always devote themselves to. Tony, my boy, bill the lady and gentleman, as, as grandfather says, father ought to let you wear."

"A little white hat and a little sprig weskut and little knee cords and little top-boots and a little green coat with little bright buttons and a little shepherd," replied Tony, with great confidence and no stops.

"That's the on-toosn, mam," said Mr. Weller, looking proudly at the housekeeper, "there's a illumination! Wots a-wrong to the heavens—make such a model as that, and you'd say he was a angel!"

Perhaps the housekeeper thought that in such a guise little Tony would look more like the angel at Islington than any thing else of that name, or perhaps she was disconcerted to find her previous conception of the appearance of angels are not commonly represented in top-boots and sprig waistcoats. She coughed doubtfully, but said nothing.

"How many brothers and sisters have you, my dear?" she asked after a short silence.

"Our Sal's dead, and so's our Bill," replied Tony. "Sam his name is, and so's my father's. Do you know my father?"

"Oh yes, I know him," said the housekeeper graciously.

"Is my father fond of you?" pursued Tony.

"I hope so," rejoined the smiling housekeeper.

Tony considered a moment, and then said, "Is my grandfather fond of you?"

This would seem a very easy question to answer, but instead of replying to it, the housekeeper smiled in great confusion, and said that really children did ask such extraordinary questions sometimes, and then she turned to Mr. Weller and would be talk to them. Mr. Weller took upon himself to reply that he was very fond of the lady in question, and considered that he would not put such things in the child's head, Mr. Weller shook his head, while she looked down and smiled, and then said, with a shake, suggesting that captivation was in progress. It was perhaps on this account that he charged the subject precipitately.

"It's worry young in little hops to make game o' their grandfathers, a'nt it mam?" said Mr. Weller, shaking his head mournfully. "I'm sure I speaked to him, as how he counterfeited the deepest dejection and sorrow.

"Oh, very sad!" ejaculated the housekeeper. "But I hope you didn't scold him."

"Tut is was young Tony, mam," said Mr. Weller, "was hevin' seen his grandfather a little bit put out by reason of his havin' got the better of him twitchy, gone a tootin' and staggerin' about the house, and makin' believe that he's the old gen'l'man himself."

"Oh quite shocking" cried the housekeeper.

"Yes mam," said Mr. Weller, "and previous to speakin' to him, I'm blowed if I didn't see him speakin' to, pinches his little nose to make it red, and then he grows a hiccup and says 'Do all night' in short, 'give us another sup o' the same, and never say when.' Ha, ha, ha!"

In his extensive delight, Mr. Weller was quite unconscious of his moral responsibility, until Tony looked his legs and laughing immoderately and with a cuffs on his back, and two or three others silently following him to a house where somebody was dead, and where he should make free with the neighbors next door. Both these reflections had the effect of bringing Mr. Weller to a sense of his position, and he endeavored to burn all sight. Still there was one late step at no great distance which went forth a ruddy glare upon the ground outside the window of the opposite house, wondering whether those rooms were as luxurious as that in which she sat, and whether the inmates were happy. There was a crowded assemblage of them—in one of the rooms, which my often looking at them she had fancied ugly faces that were frowning over at her and trying to look as miserable as they could. One of these grew too dark to make them out, though she was sure too when the man came to light the lamps in the streets, for all that it idle and flickered to and side. Then she would draw in her head to look round the room and see that every thing was in its place and had it's accustomed look, looking out in the window and disappeared, or were replaced by the same old faces, and so backwards and forwards to burn all night. Still there was one late step

She would take her station there at dusk, and watch the people as they passed to and fro in the street, and stand at the window of the opposite house, wondering whether those rooms were as luxurious as that in which she sat, and whether the inmates were happy. There was a crowded assemblage of them—in one of the rooms, which my often looking at them she had fancied ugly faces that were frowning over at her and trying to look as miserable as they could. One of these grew too dark to make them out, though she was sure too when the man came to light the lamps in the streets, for all that it idle and flickered to and side. Then she would draw in her head to look round the room and see that every thing was in its place and had it's accustomed look, looking out in the window and disappeared, or were replaced by the same old faces, and so backwards and forwards to burn all night. Still there was one late step at no great distance which went forth a ruddy glare upon the ground outside

From the Philadelphia Courier for August.

IN HIS HOT TUBBY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There is pairing, lady fair!
They lay back hair to hair;
And in three eyes, the frequent tear
Hath chased a world of fear
The world — meaningless, as though
It had existed but in dreams —
Yet he, whom thy young heart adored,
Is he not there?

Then look'st not, lady, on them fond
In that happy, happy, time,
When all thy merry thoughts, and dreams,
And hopes, were in their prime.
The laugh was ever on the winds,
From morn 'till day's decline;
The sun so, lady, rose! and yet
Is he not there?

In those dear, good, and fashioned days,
That haste not hastened to rush;
Tilton eye's dark frame was never set
Unless it were with joy
Thy cheeks were more than they: thy lip,
Of sweetness, was a mine:
Oh! then art sadly changed! and yet,
Is he not there?

I loved thee, then, thou faded one!
And wound, and worshipped, long;
Thou wert my soul's divinity!
The idol of my song!
The heart is not another's
That I fondly hoped was mine—
And then? I'll not inquire!
Is he not there?

I feel that then art wretched! and
It is a sin, I know;
And very, very, selfish,
Not to grieve that then art so—
But, when I note thy misery,
And my heart would fain rejoice,
Love, like a hurt fiend, whispers me,
Is he not there?

That thought! it almost drives me mad!
That thou should'st worship him!
Meeting with love, the scoffer's meed.
Within I am desolate!
Pity! alas! I dare not more
Than to pity thee! Forgive—
Thou lov'st, but he who loves thee not,
Is he not there?

The Death of Death.

As if apprehensive that death might overtake him in a foreign land, Scott became unpromptedly impatient, and was brought back as rapidly as possible to London, which he reached in a state of extreme prostration. As we have referred to the outbreak of the angry populace at Jedburg, it is with more satisfaction we can notice a tribute of popular feeling, of deeper interest, than the daily inquiries of the royal family. Allen Cunningham found several plain mechanics, late at night, standing at a neighboring corner, and asked him, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" as if he, said, there was but one dwelling in London. Allen Cunningham was not the place for Walter Scott to die in. He yearned for Scotland, and was transported there, continuing silent in stupor or delirium. In all the tragic and pathetic passages in his own romances, which have drawn tears from so many eyes, we know of none more touching than the passage in his biography, which describes the return of the dying minstrel to his own home. The approach to Tweedside created a brief consciousness, but he began to gaze about, and showed that he was recognising the features of the familiar landscape—by and by, he murmured half confidently the names of places, and (to continue the account in Lockhart's words) "as we rounded the hill at Lamington, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on his couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprung up as if delighted. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by the new bridge, and during the time the carriage was thus detained, the mighty magician enjoyed, it required occasionally the strength of us all to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles runs parallel to Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then seeming his eye on Laidlaw, said, 'Hi, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' By the time his dogs had assembled about his chair, they began to fondle him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him."

In a subsequent day, "tasting failed misery in his chair, after dozing for half an hour, he started awake, and shaking the plaids from his shoulders, said, 'This is not my desk.' He repeated the assurance that we could not refuse his daughters went into his study, opened his writing desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order; and I then moved him through the hall and into the room where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself at his old place, he smiled and thanked us, and said, 'Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.' His daughter put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among the pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks."

Occasionally he select some member of his family to take him in and it as improved circumstances, that while passages in his favorite authors, which he had recited a hundred times, seemed new to him, he likewise listened to with signs of distinct remembrance—so deep into his spirit had sunk a mother's early teaching, continued by an attention to the sacred volume throughout his life. When Mr. Lockhart, being requested by him to read, inquired from what book, he replied "Need you ask?—there is but one." In his wandering mood, he said he was now while administering justice as sheriff; again, talking with Tom Purdie: 'who had died some years before; about the time of disposing; fancying himself at the polling-book at Jedburgh, where he had been installed; but oftener repeating some fragment of the sacred prophecies, of a verse from the old Scotch version of the psalms. We have no thought of attempting to take the measure of Walter Scott's spirit. We do not consider the presumptuous zeal which thrusts itself between a fellow being and his Creator and Judge. There are seenes of the human heart, over which the veil should are past feeling out. Let there then be candor, and modesty, and charity in judging of such things. That Scott was a man who clung closely and strongly to the world, and the things of this world, is evident; but let it also be remembered that he was a man whose habit was to make no show of the deepest and purest emotions.

A few weeks brought the end. He died in Scotland, in his own house, with all his children round him—in the bright sunlight of a summer noon—death wearing a gentler form than when at sunset with the gloom of the closed curtain and the darkened chamber. "It was," says his biographer "a beautiful day—we warm that very window was wide open—and we perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to hear ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Upon the banks of that river, once the frontier of Scotland, and famed in its song and story, the plaintive strains of many generations sigh—stately feudal abbey. Your after year within its walls were heard the solemn litany, the hymn of peace, the music of solitary gentleness, and the unreturned of monastic revelry. A change has swept over the scene: those sounds have long been hushed; the edifice itself has yielded first to the swift assault of an usurping fanaticism, and since to the slow decay of time: and what was once, Dryburg Abbey is now a ruin—standing in the solitude, a type of greater revolutions—an ancient kingdom, an ancient ecclesiastical system, and an ancient form of society, all passed away. All that remains unchanged is the unstable water of the river Tweed, keeping its ancient ebb and flow, one day glistening in sunshine, and another troubled by the shower or stricken by the storm;

> "Twill murmur on a thousand years,
> And flow as now it flows."

Alike imperishable is that stream which, gushing from the fountains of a poet's genius, has flooded a thousand years with renown, and which, stealing down upon its placid current the sympathy of smiles, and gladdened fame, and of tears. But the fated hour arrives even to the undying stream, and is silent: the hand that wrought so marvellously is cold in death. It is now some eight years since the exercise of that hand will be no longer delayed, unless the case is carried from the Supreme Court to the Court of Errors.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

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$2 FIVE DOLLARS in advance: remitted to this office, free of postage, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for three years: or for one copy of the Philadelphia Casket and two of the Post for one year.

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$2 Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best hands note that they can find, and remit it by mail, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address.

Words.

The number of novels, tales, romances, and other fictions which are issued from the press, is very much greater than the public demand for a morbid appetite appears to fill the community. Instead of adhering to the good old matter-of-fact system of our ancestors, they have introduced a strange and wonderful, mixing with avidity on every thing that approaches to romance. This has arisen from a desire to find the perfection of extravagant stories; in the eagerness with which accounts of great disasters are devoured, and in the straining after effect so perceptible in most of the fictitious writers of the day. A novel is not worth nothing, according to the received opinion, unless he can weave together the strangest characters, and most unlikely plot, and weave it into a novel and exciting. He must be always upon stilts—he must never think of nature—he must never hang his eye on a daffodil, said, 'Hi, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' By the time his dogs had assembled about his chair, they began to fondle him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him."

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we find that, in the present number, but only have they equalled their former efforts, but others have also acquitted themselves creditably. We have only room to insert two stanzas from a piece of poetry, to be by "Anna."

> "But I quit these stood: tell me, where have they gone?
> I don't, stretched for their coming here, all the day long
> My watchword—it shall not, nay, where have they fled
> And what caption, They have passed to the dead!
> Oh! nay, but those purposes, all life, cheer, and play?
> Have those forms come once on joyous and sportive in earth,
> With all tiger-like propensities, to be lost in death?

Benton's Magazine, *for August.*—The August number of this periodical is good. The array of contributors is not so varied, but quite as efficient as usual. An excellent paper "On the Humbug of Phrenology," has been contributed to it by Rossel Jarvis, Esq. "The Many Diggers," by Seba Smith, is a choice and right humorous piece. "The Robber's Servants" is a good article, but who is the author?

The illustrations of the month are various. This is well known to be one of the most distinguished characteristics of the work.

The illustration of "The Shipwreck," a steel engraving of some merit, from our fellow townsman, Mr. A. Graham. It is after a painting by Harding.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, *for August.*—The contents of this number are various and excellent. The leading article is a history of the "South Sea Bubble," clear, full, and comprehensive. It is done with the print of the nonsense. "Every Lawe," "Causes of Unsteadiness in the Currency," "Laws related to Debtor and Creditor," "The Leather Manufacture," and other valuable papers fill up the rest of the pages. We cannot too cordially recommend this work to all Merchants. It is an able periodical, and worthy of the patronage of all. Philada. agent, J. W. Seammell, 110 Chestnut St.

Sand Storm in the Desert.

The following terrific description is by Mr. Fraser, the traveller in Khorasan

"It dawned at last, and morning found me still on a wide and trackless waste of sand; which, as the sun arose, was only bounded by those flitting vapours which deceive the thirsty traveller with the belief that water is near, and which, during the day, form the only "lake of the desert." In vain I looked for the marks by which my friend Selim had taught me to recognise the dreaded simoom; but the haze was much cause to fear that I was now in one of those terrible tracts of dry and moving sand, in which, as I had been told, whole caravans, when set in motion by the wind, swallows up whole caravans and their conductors. Alas! the experience which has earned me this knowledge is to prove that I was surrounded by dangers I had never dreamed of. The wind which had blown so piercingly all the night, died, as it generally does, towards morning; but the haze remained loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose as red as blood, gave warning that the calm would not continue long, nor had I pursued my course another hour before the rust of the desert wind was heard, columns of dust began to rise in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with drifting sand.

"As the wind increased, the whole plain seemed in motion, which had been covered by former tempests into ridges, like the waves of a troubled sea, now got in motion; the sand blindfolded off the ridges, and rolled in clouds like the spray driven by the storm; and covered myself and horse with its dense oblivion; while often unable to distinguish the true course to pursue in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with drifting sand.

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"I continued for some hours to preserve, struggling against the fury of the gale, when my alarm became increased by observing that my horse, which hitherto had stood out with admirable perseverance, began to show symptoms of distress, painfully impeded by the deep sand, now became terrified, and restive. He shorted, reared and repeated unable, or unwilling, to face the driftling of the still increasing storm. In vain I soothed him, or urged him, on with heels and whip; against the advice of my guide, I found my voice almost like an intelligent being, now put into attention either to carresses or blows, and the apprehensions and feelings of my guide were still nigh disappointed. Besides Washington Irving, what really pure writer have we in our country? There are some, no doubt, scattered in obscure perhaps, in some things, superior to him: but there are indeed few possessed of the same purity of language and style, the same appareal simplicity, but real adornment of style.

But the evil does not rest here. *If it did*, we might pose the subject without comment. It is extremely true we could not refuse his daughters went into his study, opened his writing desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order; and I then moved him through the hall and into the room where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself at his old place, he smiled and thanked us, and said, 'Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.' His daughter put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among the pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks."

Occasionally he select some member of his family to take him in and it as improved circumstance, that while passages in his favorite authors, which he had recited a hundred times, seemed new to him, he likewise listened to with signs of distinct remembrance—so deep into his spirit had sunk a mother's early teaching, continued by an attention to the sacred volume throughout his life. When Mr. Lockhart, being requested by him to read, inquired from what book, he replied "Need you ask?—there is but one." In his wandering mood, he said he was now while administering justice as sheriff; again, talking with Tom Purdie: 'who had died some years before; about the time of disposing; fancying himself at the polling-book at Jedburgh, where he had been installed; but oftener repeating some fragment of the sacred prophecies, of a verse from the old Scotch version of the psalms. We have no thought of attempting to take the measure of Walter Scott's spirit. We do not consider the presumptuous zeal which thrusts itself between a fellow being and his Creator and Judge. There are scenes of the human heart, over which the veil should are past feeling out. Let there then be candor, and modesty, and charity in judging of such things. That Scott was a man who clung closely and strongly to the world, and the things of this world, is evident; but let it also be remembered that he was a man whose habit was to make no show of the deepest and purest emotions.

A few weeks brought the end. He died in Scotland, in his own house, with all his children round him—in the bright sunlight of a summer noon—death wearing a gentler form than when at sunset with the gloom of the closed curtain and the darkened chamber. "It was," says his biographer "a beautiful day—we warm that very window was wide open—and we perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to hear ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Upon the banks of that river, once the frontier of Scotland, and famed in its song and story, the plaintive strains of many generations sigh—stately feudal abbey. Your after year within its walls were heard the solemn litany, the hymn of peace, the music of solitary gentleness, and the unreturned of monastic revelry. A change has swept over the scene: those sounds have long been hushed; the edifice itself has yielded first to the swift assault of an usurping fanaticism, and since to the slow decay of time: and what was once, Dryburg Abbey is now a ruin—standing in the solitude, a type of greater revolutions—an ancient kingdom, an ancient ecclesiastical system, and an ancient form of society, all passed away. All that remains unchanged is the unstable water

New Publications.

The Fatalist, or the Fortune of Gamoran. *—1 vol.—Lea & Blanchard.*—The novel is decidedly superior to the generality of new books. The scene is laid in Cornwall, England, which has hitherto been an almost untrodden field to the novelist, though it presents many features, which make it peculiarly adapted for the purposes of romance. In description of scenery; in his narrative, and in sentiment, the author of "The Fatalist" is no contemptible writer.

The characters are not, however, so well drawn, as in many novels of less ability in other respects. That of Godschall, the principal, is a fine sketch. He is a dark, stealthy, scheming villain, though not so utterly depraved, but that he has some redeeming traits, which are natural. But his enemy nor his fate arouse our pity. That is reserved for Florence and her lover, during the difficulties of their early loves.

The character of Trelawny, in a bad copy of Scott's Sir. Alfred Wardle. Flagitious are not concealed.

The novel is not the one by that name, from the pen of Bulwer.

The Cedar Hill Reformer.—*Edited by Rev. N. Dodge, A. M.*—This is a quarterly magazine, made up of the contributions of the young ladies, members of the Lyceum Institute, at Cedar Hill. It certainly deserves praise. Some of the articles are excellent. We had occasion, once before, to commend one or two of the contributors, and we can now further would go exactly for doing.

Popular Superstitions.

The case of Thomas Bradley, of Bingham, is still continues to attract much attention. We have received the following communication which we give up to her the place and under inquiry in the circumstance, and also requesting the production of the skeleton of the supposed child son of John and Martha Bradley, of Dolgellen, near Hudders field. He was born on the 6th of October 1841, and was consigned to the grave age last birth-day. He stood five feet ten inches high, weighed about eleven stone, and was particularly straight and well made. From his birth till he was fifteen years of age he was not subject to any serious disease, and none of the family were ever subject to fits. When in his sixteenth year he fell into a sleep which continued nine weeks. In the same year he again relapsed into a sleep which continued without intermission forty weeks. During this period he grew thin and very emaciated, and a considerable length of time elapsed before he was able to stand alone; he, however gradually recovered, regained his strength, and continued in good health up to the latter end of August of last year, when in became more than usually drowsy, with low spirits. On Friday the 30th of that month, whilst at his tea in the afternoon, he again sank into a sleep, in which he has ever since remained, although on Sunday last the fifty-two weeks last Friday. His parents, acting under the instructions of Mr. Lockwood, of Kirk Heaton, and Mr. Dearden, of Huddersfield, who have attended him, have been enabled to keep him in a better condition than on the previous occasion. His position in bed is altered three times a day, the bowels is repeatedly stimulated, and his nourishment regularly administered. The nourishment he receives consists chiefly of beef tea, given in minute portions, and he swallows enough the top of a spoon, is swallowed down by a convulsive effort By this means he receives sufficient sustenance for the state he is in.—*Bradford Obs.*

Jo Old Tree.

After riding a mile or two farther up the road, they heaped over a very low mound of fence, which divided the cultivated from the wild part of the estate, and having passed through a couple of fields they entered the lower extremity of that fine arc one of clues, at the higher end of which stood the noble old tree, and where Watters and his father-half—who looked to her like a couple of ex ecutioners, only awaiting the fiat of her brother to do their office—were already the top of the slope. "She was now in the full view of the tree, and she was now in the full view of the tree, and she was now in the full view of the tree, and she

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$5 per annum—$2 paid in advance; $3.50 in advance for six months.

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Any person procuring Ten Dollars current, free of post is entitled, will be entitled to 11 copies.

Any person who receives a paper and does not give notice to us to which the paper is to be addressed, is considered as wishing to take it.

LT ANNOUNCEMENT.—L. Tompkins, Esq. of Boston, is getting rapid on through the states of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont.

To Correspondents.

MANUSCRIPT is accepted. It shall appear shortly. The matter will require to be favorably received.

SHAVER.—by W. F. B. it is on file for insertion. We are very happy to hear from the writer of these little articles.

TO A PAINTING FRIEND.—Send the same decision to the publisher. There is no time.

"GRAND GRAND" is a fine subject—too fine to be spoiled by the manner in which it is treated. The writer evidently admired the simple dignity of a quaker portrait. There is no reason why he should not attempt to put on the footings in such a piece. Nothing can exceed the mind for the simplicity of style appropriate to the time. A nicestarical is some old country town, is indeed a holy spot. We have received. Her Husband shall appear. Some more new moreover would add to his regard.

A LOVE TALE.—The subject besides is worn out. TRAINING will not do. There is no room for a new story. Several in time that is not a plagiarism. Thanks for all time, from Miss Watchman.

We are sorry they are fading the bright moment of MARCH AWAY.

I read very like his own hand.

We are passing they are passing they are falling from the tree.

Keeping waiting they fail to us for short are forts of the Post.

A most exhibit conclusion. Eloquent, most elegant.

Another consideration. A little correction would add to its merit.

Financial Record.

LAFAYETTE CASUIST.—A German by the name of Schaller, a lithographer, was arrested in New Orleans on the 16th ult. on a charge of passing counterfeit notes. A search made of his premises a issue was found something had been thrown overboard by the Mayor to undertake, hanging by a cord against the chain. He made a boat, and a hole in the boat was found. He almost eight inches in diameter, opening into one of the chimney. Suspicion was confirmed by the discovery of hearth of the chimney in the Rue, wheat and minute well nigh ruined, while grain is burning in the bright almost to a crisp.

ANOTHER DISPATCHER.—We understand, says the Washington National that Colonel Spencer of this city, has the situation of Superintendent of the Mint. Said at draught for $52,000, which is the amount of account against him. We understand the amount was paid to Colonel Spencer by Mr. Jackson. Russell began the attack. McNeil obtained he had no sense, whereupon Rumsey threw him down and choked him till he was black in the face. Rumsey was arrested, and bound over in the sum of $500.

SUICIDE LOSSES.—The New York Herald in its usual manner of Tuesday says that of the Messrs. Suicide which have stopped payment in the city of the Governor the Union Bank of Massachusetts, Wheeler & Co. and Wilson & Co. have suddenly over the United States Bank $20 millions. Those make no Mississippi contractions have furnished their charters within a short time.

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STATE OF CREDIT.—We perceive that the City of Baltimore has passed a resolution to do her part of the amount of taxes assessed, provided the banks institute

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—Thomas Jones of Public Moneys for the district of Indiana, vice Samuel Merrifield, deceased. Also, William Hill, who is to perform the appointment of Register of the Land Office at Vincennes, vice Prince, and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

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INDIANA ELECTION.—The New Orleans Sun of the 16th inst. says: "Mr. Emanuel Hall, Democrat, is returned from Shawneetown, we have received returns from the third district. Charleston has given a majority of 100 for Hall. We have also official returns from Evans are not received. The Democrats are confident it possesses that State by a majority of from 80 to 60. The Natchez Free Trader of 16th inst. gives the vote for members of Congress in Adams and Jefferson counties, for Edwards dem. 693—Morse, dem. 693—Hunter, dem. 693—Bingaman, dem. 436. Our dem. is elected to the House from Claiborne.

SOUTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—All the additional returns we have received is from Edgecombe and such counties. In the former the vote stands Saunders, dem. 1220—Haywood, dem. 1217. In the latter, for Saunders, 550. Morehead, 372, in a portion of the whole have elected three members to the N. C. Democrat, reports Nash county as having given a majority of one hundred. In Wilson county, Mr. Whig roger a the majority of 150.

POSTER GENERAL at St. Louis.—For the office of Postmaster General at St. Louis, the names of John Dunklin, Col. Gamble and Col. Hunt are mentioned. The salary is $6,000 per annum, which is the amount of half a million of dollars of business transacted.

CONGRESS ELECTIONS.—The election for Governor and Legislature, members of the State Legislature and of Congress, takes place in the Green Mountain State on the 1st of September.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The election for Governor and Legislature commenced on Thursday last at several of the districts. The returns are very meagre. We have from Pitt county, in which Mr. Motehead resides, a majority for Governor, has received a majority

FLORIDA.—The Norfolk Beacon states that Mr. Dimick took charge of the Navy Department on Monday, and that Col. Benton would enter immediately on the duties of the War Department vacated by Mr. Poinsett.

General News.

DISTRESSING DEATH.—A boy, named James Cox, Cox, son of CYRUS Cox, of Dunksville, Morris county, N. J., only nine months old, swallowed on the 17th inst., a part of the *tobacco from* from the bagge tinke; and died of strangulation in consequence, the subsequent day. The child had got the tobacco in its mouth, because it was carried about, and lodged in the throat, tearing a wide column of scales and loose bark from the tree. About fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, it seems to have parted and come down in two columns, each passing perpendicularly down the tree, and the bark of the main trunk, so that the bark was not rent; before the down the sufferer was no more After death an incision was made in the wind-pipe, and the bark extracted.

LOVE AND FORGERY.—A man, named Jas. Quinlen, is being tried in Boston, for obtaining his sweetheart's money out of a Savings Bank, by a forged order. He had lent her some, to deposit with her own, and even after he stole all she had, she did not prosecute, so to her lover a lawyer's notice to pay him the sum he had put into her possession. This made her angry and she had him indicted for forgery.

STARVED TO DEATH.—The Cincinnati Advocate of the 20th states, that a fellow named Riley entered the dwelling of the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, and murdered the wife and child of the deceased. Her crime restricted the attention of William Shortelle, who went to her rescue, and was stabbed by Riley in three places. Riley was arrested.

FORGERS ESCAPED.—We learn from the N. O Picayune of the 15th ult. that four forgers escaped from the City Prison on Tuesday night by cutting a hole through the door of their cell, which was in the upper story of the building, and then descending after some searching, they found several of the stolen articles. Shortly after, falling in with a party of three or four Germans, the four fellows got them to the Red River, and took their departure.

A WARNING.—Mary Pheeney of Jersey City, took an infusion of tobacco a few days ago, as an excuse and was discovered a few minutes after in the agonies of death. Coroner's quarter. Medical aid was called in, but in spite of every effort to save her, she died a few minutes

MILITARY.—We understand that there will be a volunteer encampment on the 30th of September next, at Pooli, Chester county. The officers of the Volunteer Regiment of New Jersey. New York and Delaware have been invited. It is expected the Governor will review the troops.

THREE BOYS DROWNED.—Four Spanish lads, at West Point Foundry, went out on Tuesday afternoon last upon the Hudson to sail. Their boat was old and rotten, and in a short time it was completely swamped to take in all sail. It was dark—they had no anchor, and in pulling up a piece of board to paddle with, it broke off short. Three of the boys immediately, and the ballast carried her to the bottom. One of the lads succeeded in swimming to the shore, the others were drowned.

DISCOVERY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The New Hampshire Patriot says that a valuable discovery of Cement has there been so punching a drought as to soon felt on this place and on this part of the State. Every thing dependent on the crops beneath its power Rye, wheat and minute well nigh ruined, while grain is burning in the bright almost to a crisp.

ANTHRACITE COAL.—Specimens of anthracite coal, in the shape of three dollars. Better than this, the same place from which the hole were stored.

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DEATH FROM LIGHTNING.—We learn that on the 15th inst. three of the sons of the Rev. Samuel Lotspeich, of Newport, Tenn., while at work, discovered a storm arising, and to escape the rain, got into an old hollow sycamore tree, through a hole in its top. The youngest, entered the hole first, and took his position on one side of the tree; the second entered next, and occupied the other side; the eldest went in and took his position between the two. Soon after the tree was struck by lightning, which passed down through the trunk, tearing a wide column of scales and loose bark from the tree. About fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, it seems to have parted and come down in two columns, each passing perpendicularly down the tree, and the bark of the main trunk, so that the bark was not rent; before the down the sufferer was no more After death an incision was made in the wind-pipe, and the bark extracted.

GOOD BY DEATH.—A farmer named John Miller aged 67 years, living at Williams ir. Wayne co. N. Y., was gored to death by a bull on the 7th ult. On the morning of his death, a good breakfast, he rose early, to milk his cows. He proceeded to the yard, and as it seems had just just commenced milking when a young bull, which he had been considered more dangerous by the provocations of mischievous boys, rushed upon him. On the first attack, apparently, Mr. Miller sank among the milk pail, to drive out the animal. Again was he furiously attacked; his bowels were torn out, his body pierced through and through, and tossed and mangled on the horns of the animal till life was extinct. His blood was traced, and pieces of his flesh discovered high on the barn and fences.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—The Quincy Whig of the 19th inst states that the citizens of Tully Mo having unjustly turned several settlers, that the work of the Mormons living at Nauvoo, Ill. immediately upon, a number of them crossed the river, where in the vicinity of Tully, and commenced operations after some searching, they found several of the stolen articles. Shortly after, falling in with a party of three or four Germans, the four fellows got them to the Red River, and took their departure.

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FIRE AT TRENTON.—A fire broke out at Trenton on Saturday morning about 4 o'clock, in a large mill-building, about three years ago by the Phœnix Manufacturing Company. The building was totally destroyed. Loss $30,000. Insured for $20,000. Supposed to have been accidentally fired.

FIRE AT BRISTOL, PA.—On the night of Wednesday last, the village of Bristol, about 20 miles from this city, which did considerable damage. Two mills in one were occupied by Mr. Hemond and destroyed a very large barn, all of his outbuildings entirely. All of his grain and hay was consumed, together with a number of cattle that were shut up in the field. The fire was discovered about 10 o'clock, and by 11 o'clock the work of destruction was completed. The property was insured in the Delaware Mutual Insurance Company for $6,000.

THE PRESIDENT.—The Washington Globe says that the President has been so punching a drought as to soon felt on this place and on this part of the State. Every thing dependent on the crops beneath its power Rye, wheat and minute well nigh ruined, while grain is burning in the bright almost to a crisp.

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—A German on the Salem Mass. Turnpike, who had been laboring under great depression of spirits, on consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, attempted to commit suicide on Saturday morning last towards Charlestown, and getting into a retired spot, suspended himself by the neck to a branch of a cherry tree. He was discovered by some boys, and the alarm being raised, he was cut down. Instead of appearing grateful for the humane act of his rescue, he turned to and actually flogged two young lads who happened to come his path. He is now in close confinement.

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THE GREAT SOUTHERN MAIL.—It was supposed that the great southern mail would turn out a total loss by the collision of Saturday night last, but Dudley and N Carolina, but it seems that seven leather and two canvass bags, containing the mails were saved.

SUICIDE AVERTED.—John A Findley, from our State, a fellow who has been figuring lately upon a magnificent scale in this city, and whose name has been mentioned in connection with the recent discovery of the New Market Fire Company, where they create a fright. One of the ringleaders of the Independent Liberal Company, was much beaten by the so called party. Information who immediately communicated to the Mayor, who was promptly on the spot in connection with the police, and prevented further disturbance.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The Railroad cars that left Syracuse on Saturday for Albany, N. Y. met with an accident near Manlius. The flanges of the tender broke, and it, as well as the baggage car, and one of the passenger cars were thrown off the track, and smashed, or much damaged. One man was thrown from the tender and injured. The baggage master was seriously hurt. Our lady was thrown from her seat and her face cut. It was very fortunate that the whole of the passengers were not killed.

FIRE IN NEW YORK.—On Monday morning the Puller says, the public house of Benjamin Tree, 445 Canal street, was destroyed by fire. The building was new and valuable, having been built for occupation as an extensive warehouse, and converted into a house by Mr. T. last spring. It was insured for a small portion of the contents of the building were saved. The fire is supposed to have been purposely

ATTENTION BUILDERS.—Carpenters and other House building mechanics are very much needed at Harrisburg. The repairs and alterations on the works, new prison, school houses, and the large number of private dwellings erecting, or about being erected, will employ a large number of hands. Any one engaged the regular force employed in these branches of business, and just as a "smart mechanic" could find steady employment and good wages, for some months.

MURDERED BY A GIRL.—A boy 8 years of age, the only son of J. C. Wilson, of Baltimore, was drowned on the 27th ult near Warrenton, Va. A negro girl, living with the family was apprehended, charged with having committed the crime of drowning the child. She had accompanied the child to the water's edge, and then returned to the house, and informed the family that the child had gone home. The child was found in the water, and the girl confessed that she

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all the flavor.

From the Dublin University Magazine for July.

Memoirs of Governess.

A NOVEL.

I once had a true love, but where I have none.
Sister Shannon O'Gorman has left me alone:
Ah, a grave in the mountains a comfort it will be,
And not one to reflect the days of my life.

Oh, Sister O'Gorman's an elegant boy!
The sound of his name id make your heart jump with joy.
He's good set feet, his air is so marvelous, and legs,
To watch in your heart glimpses to look at his legs!

He's equal for dancing sure never was seen,
At a jig or a reel he might dance with the queen.
But it's many delight you he'd give down at set,
With his best-and-one, and battering, and other queer tricks.

His clothes are so real, and his hair almost white,
And his darlin' blue eyes are so round and so bright,
His tongue is so coaxing and sweet, that with ease
You'd think he could dance down the hinds off the trees!
And to think that he'd leave me! oh, it makes my heart sore:
For I thought I was sure of him for ever more.
If I had many money, he'd have had me long ago,
For I know I have not beauty's love—sure he often told me so!

And one girl that he'd courtin' as it's likely at all,
She's no portion as a guinea, she's crooked, and she's small;
But the reason that he's after her's for what she'd have got,
For though she has no money, she has a fine pottery pot

SNORING.—Miss Sophia, will you favor me with a song?" "Oh! no, Mr. Senior, I never sing." "I think I have heard you." "But I have such a cold. And then, my wrist is lame." "It would cure it." "I have forgot all my music." "Can you solo excellent one piece?"—"It has been some time since I practised."—"Were you not playing when I entered?" "Only drumming." "Well, drum me a tune then." After telling about twenty excuses more, the lady plays. Now this is altogether wrong. If the young gentlemen is poor, and the lady does not want to play, let her just say so. But if he is a rich simpleton, let her just say, set herself at the piano, and go it. That's the way.

CAST BEYOND THE HOUSE.—A wretched artist, who thought himself an excellent painter, was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. "I am white-washing it," said he, "and in a short time I shall begin painting."—"I think you had better paint only one," said a gentleman, "paint it *first*, and then white-wash it."

A Negro With the Blues.

"I say, Sam Jousing, what forgive look so solem dis morning? You must usually claer a larfin, but now you face looks as glossified and black as the last spell of weedier."

"Why, child, I feel bad—I's got what dat, white folks calls de blues, and de is sure nuf at de dat's what I has, Pete Gumbo."

"De what you call 'em, Sam?"

"De blooms—de real indigo blous."

"Dare what you corner dis child, Sam; you's about oh me dis time. Now if it don't make any 'atrial difference to you I'd just like to hear you explainify wat die blous is."

"Wy, sy, Pete you dont know nuin. I tort you'd more acquaintance wid de family as de ho man mind. Well, you see, when a man's got de blous he looks forward into de common footstuff just as though he was going to draw a Monk in de big lottery—he feels like as if all de delight-ship place in de low down scene hadn't a single number in 'em, and he gets up in de morn he feels bad, and when he goes to bed at night he feels wuiser. He tinks dat his body is made to ice cream, all 'cep his heart, and dat's a big piece oh lead in the middle. All sorts oh sights are blubbering around, and red monkeys beating about his ears. Dar, dome what I got now, and dat's what I calls de blous. How you like to lab 'em Pete?"

"Tank you, Sam, die child don't wi for one, ted if dem de nuf."

WORDS WERE USED, THE might be shown
TO LIVE BUT CHEAP,—IN CASE HE SAW.

LEAVING IT TO THE LORD.—The following singular but well authenticated story was copied by the Editor of the Hartford Observer from the old family Bible, belonging to Judge Griswold, of Lyme, Conn.

"Lyme was first bounded east on the Niliantic Indian land, and New London, on Niantic bay four miles in width, lay between the towns belonging to neither. A petition was made to the Legislature to have it divided equally to each town stating it to be but two miles. The petition was granted. The parties met to make the division, but could not agree—each claimed that the other should have one mile and itself the remaining three miles. After some heat, they agreed to leave it to the Lord: and to put an end to the controversy, that each town should choose two champions, who should meet on the contested land, and let it be said the party to which the Lord should give the victory, should divide the lands and the other party should be bound. New London chose Mr. Hempstead, and a Mr. Chapman, and Lyme Mr. Griswold and Mr. Ely. They met, and Lyme in both cases gained the victory, and the land was divided accordingly."

LESSONS: A NEWSPAPER.—"Will you lend father your newspaper? he only wants to read it."

"Yes, my boy; and ask him to lend me his clothes: I only want to try on."

INDICATIVE OF ACTION.—Above all things act, act. There are more truths to be picked up about you, than you can find in books. Divide mentally the whole man from within, while books and words are only a kind of poultice on the outside.

WILLINGNESS.—"Don't be in a hurry," as the sheriff said ten the man was swimming away from him.

"How we go," as the lightning said to the locomotive.

"Just the thing," as Adam said ven he first saw Eve.

"My heart beats high," as the man said ven he was up in the balloon.

"What lasts it," as the man said ven he was kicked down stairs.

"Had not you better wait till you are invited," as the bird said ven the black snake crawled into his nest.

WOMAN.—When we see a woman with a great, soft, well-a free but innocent air—dressed tastily yet simply—with cheeks which we can hardly help touching, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect security beneath their silken lashes, how can we help loving her. But when we see a woman whose looks give to any that she is sojourning somewhere about the region of thirty-nine, dressed off in pink ribbons, much gold chasing, and plaited hair, and assuming her steps as if treading on eggs, she reminds us of an old piece of furniture scoured up to sell.

A SHREWD TRADER.—A pedlar, having tried in vain to sell a good-for-nothing gun for *five dollars*, at length succeeded, by putting a *six* dollar lock on her.

TELL WELL OF PHILOSOPHERS.—Our philosophers take up the gauntlet, and to throw up barricades against tyranny and persecutions, but to fling the stones at one another's heads.

WOMEN AS ARTISTS.—I am not so much surprised as some, that women succeed but indifferently in the fine arts—they are born works of art, not artists.

WORLDLY PERSECTION.—The wishes and aspirations of our youth, are the columns of smoke, which at first rise up toward the clouds, and then sink and mix along parallel to the earth.

A Survivor of Bunker Hill.

One of the gallant aids of Gen. Warren at Bunker Hill, we rejoice to learn, survives, in the enjoyment of a green old age. The Albany Evening Journal of a late date furnished an interesting sketch of the life of this veteran:—"John Maynard—who was now lives at Seneca Falls.—*Judge* M. was born in Farmingham near Boston, in August 1753, and is therefore in his 83th year. He was one of the early settlers of Oneida county, after the war, where he has held various trusts, and was ten years a Judge of the county court. A son, John Maynard, is now a member of the State Senate. Having joined the provincial army in 1774, near Boston, in the memorable battle of Bunker Hill it was his fortune to be placed in a situation to give a more interesting and graphic account of the thrilling incidents of that day probably than any other man now living. He was aid to Gen. Warren, and he it was who carried the order from the commander to the officers of the several regiments of the American army "to withhold their fire until the firing should be commenced in the centre," by order of the General himself.

The following account of the action is from his own pen, as published in the Journal.

Col. Prescott took possession of Breed's Hill on the night of the 16th of June, 1775, and threw up a breast-work of earth which they called a fort. On the morning of the 17th, at daylight, the British discovered the work, and commenced a heavy cannonade from their Shipping and from Copps Hill. Col. Prescott was reinforced in the course of the forenoon by the regiments of Colonels Brown, Nixon and several others.

Gen. Warren who had been appointed by the provincial authorities of Massachusetts a General but three or four days previous, arrived on the ground about the middle of the day; he was in citizen's dress and was on foot, as were all the field officers. He had not taken command by virtue of his newly received commission, but the several Colonels insisted upon his at once assuming the command and directing the movements of the day. The British troops were at this time landing and forming in order of battle. Gen. Warren had no military staff and required the services of some one to transmit his orders, and Col. Brewer recommended to him his father-in-law, Mr. Ely; they spoke and it was done. Mr. Ely had been long enough in the service to be well disciplined.

Young Maynard accepted the invitation of Gen. Warren to act in that capacity, and repaired with him to the centre. The General immediately directed a breast-work to be constructed by adding a post and rail fence, and filling in with hay which had been mown the day before.

In the meantime dense clouds of smoke rising above Charlestown communicated the awful intelligence that the town had been fired by the enemy, and aided in exasperating the American troops for the bloody affray that was to follow. The breast-work was completed to within thirty rods of the fort occupied by Col. Prescott, when the men were ordered to spare their powder and nine balls at a time.

The British advanced slowly in two columns, and when the whole were plainly in sight, Mr. Maynard carried the order from Gen. Warren to Col. Nixon, who lay on the Mystic River, "to reserve his fire until the firing should commence in front of Col. Prescott's fort, and then to commence a direct fire to the centre under to Col. Prescott and the other officers along the line.

The breathless silence along the American entrenchments was finally broken by lusty words of encouragement and direction from the officers to the men. The British advanced to within ten or twelve rods of the American works, when they fired and commenced displaying their columns to form a line. At this moment Gen. Warren gave the word "fire!" and instant the whole breast-work was in a blaze, and a report, like prolonged thunder, rolled along the line; a few minutes well directed fire completed the work of retreat, which, though hasty, was conducted in good order. Gen. Warren, ordered a cessation of the firing, on account of the scarcity of ammunition. The ground occupied by the advancing columns was nearly covered with the dead and wounded and the heaps of the latter fell across each other. The wounded raised their heads in imploring attitudes, but neither their friends nor foes could afford them relief. But few of the British commanders were killed or wounded in the attack.

All was still as the grave until the front of their columns had passed over all their dead, when the American General, without waiting for the word of his enemy, gave the word that was to consign hundreds to instant death. This fire was even more destructive than before, and the enemy retired in some confusion. The ground was now literally covered with the dead. The British had fled, and the whole village of Charlestown was in flames.

The British now received further reinforcements, and a general officer from Boston, and advanced a third time, not in columns, but in line with great force; a third time they advanced to the attack, when Col. Prescott discovering that the Provincials had been driven from their first breast-work and that his retreat would soon be cut off, ordered a retreat. The retreat now became general, but was conducted in good order. Mr. Maynard was not with Gen. Warren when he fell, having been detained in the fort with Col. Prescott.

Soon after the retreat commenced, Mr. Maynard found his elder brother John (the father of John Maynard of Seneca) with a broken leg and a British musket for a crutch, making the best head-way he could from the enemy. He threw his wounded brother across his shoulder, and carried him amid showers of bullets beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, where he found from loss of blood; a ball had passed through his right leg and a gash from a sabre cut in his head were plugged with wads of grass; the wounded brother was again shouldered and carried to Medford, where he was left with a friend, and soon on Breed's Hill before help could be obtained.—His unfortunate brother was soon after exchanged Lord Percy sent a flag of truce to Boston, and its close was promoted to the rank of Captain.

MUSICAL MEN.—Many praises imagine that no music can be composed without the aid of an instrument. A musical doctor of the present day—a member of our own city—has for a long bed-ridden; he has had a little table so constructed as to enable him to go on with his notation in bed. The doctor writes with one hand on the table, and the other on his left hand, and the same with his bass, with the other his tenor, &c. It is very laughable to see the doctor with his bass pen in one, dip unceremoniously the tenor pen, shrewdly fish, and the inhabitant, or nice tenor. This is continued sometimes for a minute, until the enraged musician, unable to contain himself longer, throws both pens away. Another musical genius of the present time, when composing has been known to leave his table, and deliberately dip his pen in the wash hand basin. Both of these gentlemen compose "most eloquent music" without the help of any instrument.

Paragraph on Attica.

The superficial extent of Attica is estimated at seven hundred square miles; its greatest length is fifty, and its breadth thirty miles. If it be compared in size with some of the provinces of Europe, and much more with the states of Africa, or the forests of America, it sinks into the insignificance of some baronial estate, or of a private shereenty in a colonial dependancy.—This, it is evident, is the case, if we look at its *physical* dimensions. But from a consideration of these we pass to another and higher point of view. Attica, properly speaking, it occupies a space in the map which is hardly perceptible, to how many square miles, or rather thousands of square miles, in the social and political geography of the world does Attica extend! This is, in truth, a contemplation which fills the mind of man with a feeling of triumph and exultation, and with an ennobling sense of its own dignity, as compared with that of the accidents and qualities of all the material objects of the world, which inspire him with a sublime sense of the energies of the intellectual and moral, and may we not add, of the divine and spiritual part of our own nature? for it pertains to the spirit of a small province, confined within those narrow bounds which have been specified, yet stretching itself, like a wide shadow, over the surface of society, by the vigorous growth and expansive activity of those powers, to a consequence unrivalled, they even to a kind of intellectual omnipresence, in the world around it. There exists not a corner in the civilized world which is not, as it were, breathed on by the air of Attica. Its influences makes itself felt in the language, and shows in the speech of men; and it will never cease to do so; it is not, enough to say, that it lives in the immortality of the past, in the consequence of the orator, and in the speculations of the philosopher. Beside this, it exhibits itself in visible shapes: it is the home and the nurse of all the most beautiful creations of art. The works of the architect and of the sculptor, in every quarter of the globe, speak of Attica: and the galleries of princes and nations are full; of Attica the temples, palaces and libraries of the continental coasts of capital cities give sensible witness, and will do so forever. But, above all, it is due to the intellectual results produced by the inhabitants of this small canton of Europe, that the language and the literature of modern lands, so small, has become the vernacular tongue of the whole world. The genius of the Athenians made their speech universal: the treasures which they deposited in it rendered its acquisitions essential to all: and thus the wary, unlimited in extent and invincible in power, established over the nations, not by the arms of Rome, was exercised over Rome itself by the arts of Attica.—To Attica, therefore, it is to be attributed that, first, precisely at the moment when such a channel of general communication was most needed, there existed a common language in the world: and, secondly, that this language was Greek; or, in other words, that there was, at the time of the first propagation of the gospel a tongue in which could be preached to the whole earth, and that, finally, most worthy of such a distinction, was the language of inspiration, the tongue of the earliest and purest models of human eloquence.

Therefore we may regard Attica, viewed in this light, as engaged in the same cause and employed in a holy ministry with Palestine: we may consider the philosophers, and orators, and poets of the country as preparing the way, by a special dispensation of God's providence, for the apostles and writers of the Christian society.

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—*Dr. Wordsworth's Greece.*

Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Convent Bell.

'Tis noon! And now the convent bell
Slowly peals the solemn toll.
Warns the faithful of the hour
They must kneel their heads to toll.

Time speeds on and soon has come
Solemn vesper bell to be!
'Tis the convent bell's deep tone
Tells you that the hour is three.

Purple glow the summer's day
Softly o'er the church wood
The last sunset flush of day
And our tongues sing to God.

And as night's shadows fall
Lonely rings the convent bell,
Calls the pious monk to prayer
From his cell solemnly toll.

Philadelphia, July 27, 1841. A. D. F.

An Old Lord of Queen Anne's Time.

Lord Wharncliffe, in his new and extended edition of the works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, gives the following amusing anecdotes of a nobleman of the early part of the last century:—Mary Howe, daughter of Lord Viscount Howe, married to Thomas VIII. Earl of Pembroke, 1725; the Lord Pembroke, who collected the statues and medals at Wilton, and whose daughter by Lady Mary Wortley married Lord Stuart, Earl of Bute. The antiquity might therefore make his praise flattering to Lady Mary Wortley, he had been a practising lawyer of the Tilting administration under King William and Queen Anne, and the eldest son who held the office of Lord High Admiral: but now being old, and a great humorist, distinguished himself by odd and singular acts of attire, one of which was a fixed resolution not to believe that any thing he disliked, ever did or could happen. One night, when he was in London, he chose that his chief son should always live in the house with him, while unmarried. The son, who was then Earl of Pembroke, and still of his own, when chose to live elsewhere. But let him be ever so distant, or stay away ever so long, his father still insisted on supposing him present: every day gravely bidding the butler to tell Lord Herbert dinner was ready; and the butler every day as gravely bringing word, that her lordship was not come.

Marrying for the third time at seventy-five, he maintained strict discussion over a wife whom he considered young, gay, and in need of a world of discretion, and quite fit to take care of herself. She had leave to visit in an evening, but must never, on any account, stay out all night. And then on which, his supper hour. One night, however, she staid till past twelve. He declined opening to the servants: he would call to them to knock, as their help was not come home; when, at last, she came in a terrible flight, and began making a thousand excuses. "Not a word, child," he, very coolly, "you are under a mistake, it is but just ten; your watch, I see, goes too fast, and so does mine; we must correct them." No mention to set them to rights; reasonable let us suppose."

His example, on another occasion, might be worth following. Of all the Medicaid frauds I have established in his house, the most peremptory was, that any servant who ever got drunk, should be instantly discharged. The butler, who had often transgressed, knew that this rule was not to be departed from. One day, when he was in a violent fit of the gout, he called for a bottle of wine, and drank it off at a draught. He then rang his bell, and ordered his footman to call up the butler. The butler came, and was thus addressed by his master: "Sir, you have broken my rule, and you must go. But I am a man of my word, and will keep my promise to you. You shall have a month's warning, and you shall have a character from me. But you must go."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Oh, Little Brother.

"Suffer little children to draw nigh, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—St. Matthew, 19. 14.

It is recorded, by credible travellers, that it is customary among the Orientals to carve deeply upon the tombstone over the dead, that the little might drink from the rain and the dews thus collected.

So beautiful have I thought this usage, that I could hope to see it imitated by our Christian lands. The weary wretched brought "the clive fountain of peace," (that symbol of returning hope) to the dead "may not the hope that HE who has taken "little children" into his especial favoritism, saying,—"Suffer little children to draw near unto me—for such is the kingdom," &c.—would be delighted by each honorary tribute we might place over their remains. Thus would their graves, in these days when the love of the world's inhabitant that beautiful assistance rendered by the feathered choristers to the patriarch of old:

"He sings the poor little Robin redbreast in the first year of infancy! He died with no tablet or sculpture to mark his grave. I wish that I could see a gilded cage to express my feelings; for there is no subject "so sacred in its interest," as eloquent delineation of our grief for the departed. But be sleepe

"Calmly as a sweet girl pictured in form!"

And is it not well? Thy little body never wasted ruinous, nor thy mouth pap. Thou, indeed, died ere want assailed the shivered "Pennies" of our humble. Thy

I asked for bread, and they gave me a stone."

all that our limited means could supply was afforded to thee in thy life;—we would—but we could not—indulge thee, fondest one, more. But thy *marble* is often exhibited by the sycophancy and parade of grief, and (although beautiful) is placed by the world over those dead, to whom the world while living "denied bread."—Dearest, although we, Christian-like, would have imitated the custom of the Israelites of old, that the drink of Heaven among thy grave might feed and drink and refresh and bedew the sort for their progeny,—not thou especially, until the Resurrection. And I, wishing to express in "some" degree the love that all my readers who are mourners will but endue, I have begun, by quoting the Saviour's declaration—*Suffer little children to draw near*—and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

T. M'K. H.

Hagers Town, Md.

* If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father will he give him a stone.—*St. Luke*, 11. 11.

A Look at Home.

Few things in life are more difficult than self-denial as keepsakes. Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, not to my eyes, lose their tender, their powerful charm. We may be very small, but entirely a mountain, serve a beloved one from oblivion—worn on the finger, or close to the heart, especially if they are not costly. They are so unappreciable as that of entire, total, blank for gratification—when the creature that once laughed, and sang, and slept by our side, is no more. But our stone, is as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses, has never been. Nor and them all swallowed up in the grave, and we left to mourn.

Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics—most dearly, most devotedly do I have a little lock of hair. And oh! what that poor little lock of long soul buried in the dust, how spiritual seems the dying, the glossiness of the wide remaining! All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft, smooth, tortuished and beautiful hair, a shower of sunshine, any angel's brow.

The color of hair is far lighter than any picture—it is part of the beloved object herself it belongs to the treasure that often, long ago, may have pressed her head, like a shower of sunbeams, upon your beating breast! But now solemn thoughts seldom for beauty once so bright—so rich—so light—so golden as it was in life. But the antiquity might therefore make his praise flattering to Lady Mary Wortley, he had been a practising lawyer of the Tilting administration under King William and Queen Anne, and the eldest son who held the office of Lord High Admiral: but now being old, and a great humorist, distinguished himself by odd and singular acts of attire, one of which was a fixed resolution not to believe that any thing he disliked, ever did or could happen. One night, when he was in London, he chose that his chief son should always live in the house with him, while unmarried. The son, who was then Earl of Pembroke, and still of his own, when chose to live elsewhere. But let him be ever so distant, or stay away ever so long, his father still insisted on supposing him present: every day gravely bidding the butler to tell Lord Herbert dinner was ready; and the butler every day as gravely bringing word, that her lordship was not come.

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Miscellaneous.

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Ladies' Department.

Matrimonial Maxims for Married Ladies.

But the fullest extent of the power of the lady only make the men in love with marriage, but cause them to be good husbands.—The first is to be good yourselves. To avoid the temptation of managing a husband. Never try to theorize or impose upon his understanding, nor give him exercises, but treat him with affection, sincerity and respect. Remember that husbands at best are only men, subject, like yourselves, to error and frailty. Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or presume too much upon your future power. Should you discover any thing in his humor, or behaviour, not altogether what you expected or wish, pass it over, search into your own temper, and try to mend his attention, cheerfulness, and good nature. Never reproach him with misfortune, especially if they have been occasioned by his own imprudence, or hardens which made his engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally subject. Also, instead of murmuring and reflections, divide the sorrow between you; make the best of it and it will be easier to bear. It is the innate office of the softer sex to sooth the troubles of the other. Should your husband be in the wrong, do not remind him of it, but endeavor to find out the reason of his conduct, and, if possible, remove it, which it is her interest, by all possible means, to prevent and increase. Study, therefore, his temper, and endeavor to make home such as to win his satisfaction, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost sensibility receive his confidence. Finally, be not too much elated with prosperity, nor too much depressed by adversity; but in all conditions of life, be a true friend, a faithful companion, and a prudent wife.

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Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Hieroglyphical Enigma.

I am a word of twenty eight letters.

My 18, 9, 11, 14, 19, 11, 16, 8, 11, 19, 15, 19 is the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence

My 20, 21, 16, 8, 11, 19, 15, 19 is the name of a distinguished Secretary of the Revolution.

My 13, 12, 6, 9, 8 is the name of a well known British spy

My 23, 17, 2, 8, 13, 16, 8, 11 is the name of a distinguished Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 4, 17, 1, 8, 11 is the name of an officer in the last Indian war.

My 5, 9, 12, 22, 15, 16, 6 is the name of a noted traitor of the Revolution.

My 26, 13, 10, 15 is the name of the smart of the west of Lahore conquered New Orleans.

My 7, 9, 12, 19, 21, 11, 17 is the name of a theatre from Massachusetts.

My 24, 11, 14 is the name of a theatre from Mississippi.

My 1, 8, 11, 14, 19, 11, 16, 8, 11 is the name of a theatre from the state of New York.

My 27, 17, 17 is the name of one of the first martyrs of our country.

My 1, 21, 11, 17, 11 is the name of one of those who first ventured into the wilds of Kentucky

My 10, 26, 10, 19, 11 is the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

My 1, 6, 11, 15, 11 is the name of a Senator from Tennessee.

My 25, 10, 7, 11, 11 is the name of a late Senator of the U. States.

My 1, 17, 10, 17, 11 is the name of a distinguished cashier before the people.

My 1, 17, 11, 17, 11 is the name of a Senator in Congress

My 1, 8, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28 is the name of a distinguished Secretary of the Revolution.

My whole is a well known and popular work.

Pen Knife. Trees. July 5th, 1841.

El Dorado.

In the interior of the South American Continent—in Eastern Guiana—between the sources of the Rio Essequibo and Rio Branco, there is a river called Parima, connected with which there is a fable, that has excited the credulity of frequently much augmented in size by inundations. It drains the almost rocks of mica, slate and talc reflect the sunbeams in the morning, as rays of sun. Here is supposed to be the situation of the famous land of El Dorado, the golden stores of which have so often excited the avarice of the Spanish conquerors. The traditions of the Peruvians, together with the vast treasures obtained in that region, have encouraged this passion for the marvellous in the minds of many, and the Sir Walter Raleigh fully believed. "No geographical fiction ever surmounted so vast a mass of human toil," says the Edinburgh Review, "or was more persevered in with property and lives to win its possession. Yet widely different has it been regarded by mankind. Some have described El Dorado little as a splendid dream of the Evil One to allure mortals to ruin; others have viewed it as having been most sincerely designed by the Deity to gratify the heathen!

Children.

Victor Hugo has lately paid a visit to the caverns of Arcueil, which is thus described in a letter to the Messenger:

"Arcueil is a mass of towers piled on a mass of rocks. The whole edifice is of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, though some of the wood work, which is of the sixteenth. It is now used as an arsenal and powder magazine for the canon. Every time I see a cannon ball I think how it can lend a step to tell its use. I was shown three dungeons placed one upon the other, closed by Charlotte Corday, and which, from their great height and strength, seem more suited to the confinement of St. Simeon's, by all means afford better—further than I have enjoyed the sensible and elevated sense."

Boredom to Heaven.

How short is the earthly history of a family! A few years, and four walls are all that are left of a family circle, will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to be busy cares elsewhere, or to be world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from the earth, to go, the former to their long home, the latter to their present dwelling. Time dominist loves and ambition, happiness and sorrow, will be a thing of the past. Then will be the time to look back on it was wisdom will be considering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which we can derive from the contemplation of the things of our hearts? How can such transitory beings with whom our connexion is so brief, engage all the best powers of our minds, and all our feelings toward them be so feeble and monopolizing as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Beyond the grave, and in the heaven, into the gospel of his grace has brought to light, lies the region of enlightened nature, the love of domestic ties more sacred and dear, the spiritual type of those which we have left on earth, and which, on earth, only to be renewed, under far happier circumstances, in the region of everlasting love and bliss. Those who are dear to us here, will not be forgotten when the last number of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in the world to come. Those who are dear to us here, united on earth, it is again completed in heaven.

Sister or mother.—Scholars have generally a better general idea of ancient than of modern history, because the former is more comprehensive. The boy's mind gets confined amid the multiplicity of wars, treaties, and revolutions which fill the pages of our moral records. Objects to near the eye are not always the best; we must remove them to a certain distance to give a good aerial and lineal perspective.

EXTENSION OF THE MIND.—Lofty elevation of mind does not arise one intellectual to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him—on the contrary, as the rarified air of mountains makes distant objects seem nearer, so are all his fellow-beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.

Farmers' Department.

To prevent the growth of Weeds round young Fruit Trees.

To diminish the growth of weeds round fruit trees, spread on the ground round the trees frame, platted trees, as far as the roots extend, the refuse chaff of flax after the linseed has been separated. This gives very surprising vigor, as no weeds will grow under flax refuse, and the roots will extend with great luxuriance in search of the manure contained in the same manner, when stooping in an orchard, will recover, and push out vigorous shoots. In place of flax stalks, the leaves which fall from trees in autumn may be substituted, but they must be covered with waste twigs, or any thing else that can prevent the wind from blowing them away.

Making Vinegar.

Vinegar (an indispensable article in house keeping) may be easily made by observing the following simple rule, viz: procure a clean vessel, of the size of a common barrel, or some what less, place it in a warm room, if in the summer time, the better, and put a small quantity of the sour